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145.

Church Songs.

FIRST SERIES.

BY

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

AND

H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A.

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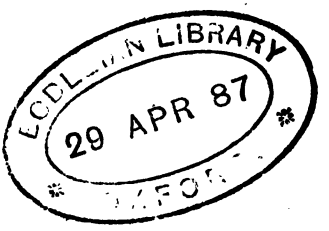
LIBRARY
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I.—THE MARCH OF THE CHURCH ARMY.

THE banners are waving, the trumpet sounds,
The soldiers are girding for war;
The summons is sounded to form in rank,
And gather from near and far.
The shield of the Faith on the arm made fast,
The sword of the Lord in hand!
We march in the glorious Host of God,
We fight at the King's command.

The man and the maiden, the old, the young,
Are all in the Church of God;
And all have to fight in the self-same fight,
And tread where the Saints have trod.
The Captain above us is Jesus Christ,
His Banner the Cross so red;
We march in the glorious Host of God,
We follow our King and Head.

Three enemies threaten on every side—
The devil, the flesh, the world;
We ward off their darts with the silver shield,
And flutter the banner unfurl'd.

We echo the angels' triumphant shout,
When Satan from heaven fell;
We march in the glorious Host of God,
To battle with sin and hell.

But One is the army that God commands,
In ages that pass, but One;
But One is the warfare wherever waged,
In the self-same way begun.
The Faith of the Army of Christ is One,
The strength of its Hope the same;
We march in the glorious Host of God,
In the great Commander's Name.

Then who will be found from the Host to stray?
And who from the Faith to fall?
As Satan of old from the ranks above,
From Jesus the All-in-all?
With shoulder to shoulder, and firm as flint,
We swerve not to left or right
We march in the glorious Host of God,
The soldiers and sons of Light.

II.—THE LITTLE PILGRIM. *(For Children.)*

I'M a little Pilgrim,
Here I may not stay;
Staff in hand I journey,
Singing on my way
There are many children
Go the self-same road,
Which to blessed Salem
Leads, the Lord's abode.
I'm a little, &c.

There are pitfalls many
Set on every side;
God, a guardian angel
Gives to be my guide.
I'm a little, &c.

There are dangers many
Meet me as I go;
Strong with God's assistance,
Fear I not the foe.
I'm a little, &c.

There are byepaths many
Foolish men have trod;
Forward I am pressing
On the King s high road.
I'm a little, &c.

Far before me shineth
Zion, city blest,
Where the little Pilgrim
In the end may rest.
I'm a little, &c.

Help the little Pilgrim
Lord, I bumbly pray;
Keep me safe, and keep me
In the King's highway.
I'm a little, &c.

III.—SAILING OVER THE SEA.

WE weigh the anchor, spread the sail,
To reach the promis'd shore;
The wind springs up, we stand to sea,
Detain us here no more.

Sailing, sailing over the sea,
In storm and sunshine bright;
Bound for Paradise are we,
The land of true delight.

Our gallant ship is Holy Church
Which Jesus Christ commands;
And all the crew, both old and young,
In His obedience stands.
Sailing, &c.

The blood-red cross at masthead streams,
The ensign of our King;
The sea is calm, the sky serene,
And as we sail we sing.
Sailing, &c.

The storm may break, the night may lower,
The vessel toss and strain;
We fear no wreck, we steer right on,
The sun will shine again.
Sailing, &c.

Our Captain watches night and day,
His Holy Ship to guide;
And safe we sail so long as we
Within her walls abide.
Sailing, &c.

Then keep us, Lord, when seas are smooth,
And keep when storms o'erwhelm;
O may we ever hear Thy voice,
And see Thee at the helm.
Sailing, &c.

IV.—LABORARE EST ORARE.

LORD Jesus was a carpenter,
Who wrought with saw and plane,
And did in Nazareth thirty years
A working man remain;
But while He wrought, His heart and thought
Were ever with the Lord;
How He might best construct His Church,
And preach the glorious Word.

Then, working men, be brave, be strong
To serve the Lord alway;
Remember what Augustine said.
"To labour is to pray."

St. Peter was a fisherman,
Who toiled upon the wave;
"Henceforth shalt thou catch men," said Christ,
And sinful souls shalt save."
"Thou art a rock, and I will build
My holy Church on Thee;
The keys of heaven thou shalt hold,
Come, follow after Me."
Then, working men, &c.

St. Paul, he was a tent-maker.
And, working at his trade
With them that were of self-same craft,
For Christ he converts made.
"These hands," he said, "have ministered
To my necessity;"
And herein gathered his reward,
He made the gospel free.
Then, working men, &c.

The good physician, Luke, whose praise
Through all the churches rolls,

Like his great Master, toiled to save
Men's bodies and men's souls.
From him we learn those songs divine,
Which men and angels too
Sing day by day;—O what weak man
With zeal for God may do!

Then working men, &c.

A rich young ruler came to Christ,
"Lord, I will follow Thee;
The ten commandments I have kept.
What lacketh yet to me?"

"Give all thy wealth to feed the poor
And thou shalt win the crown."
Alas! he could not rise to that,
His riches held him down.
Then, working men, &c.

God's saints in every age and clime.
All in their several ways,
With heart and hand, in life and death,
Have laboured for His praise:
And we, too, brothers, where-soe'er
Our humble lot may lie,
Can work for Him, who was content,
For us to work—and die!
Then, working men &c.

V.—THE FIVE GREAT TRUTHS.

There is one true and only God,
Our Maker and our Lord,
And He created everything
By His almighty word.

All this, and all the Church doth teach,
My God, I do believe,
For thou hast bid me hear the Church,*
And Thou canst not deceive

But in this One and only God
There yet are Persons Three:
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One Blessed Trinity.
All this, &c.

The Second Person, God the Son,
Came down on earth to dwell,
Took flesh, and died upon the Cross.
To save our souls from Hell.
All this, &c.

* "*If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.*"—S. Matt. xviii. 17.

The Holy Spirit I adore,
The source of life and love.
Who through the veins of Holy Church
As sap in plants doth move.
All this, &c.

The good with God in light shall reign,
And ever happy be;
The wicked, into darkness cast
Shall wail eternally.
All this, &c.

VI.—THE WORLD, THEY SAY.

THE world, they say, is out of joint,
And tendeth to decay;
The wheel of time revolves, and naught
Continues in one stay.

But one Faith, but one Church,
For ever is the same.

The stream of life is changing as
The ever-shifting tide;
And scatters what we gather up,
That nothing may abide.
But one Faith, &c.

The wind blows North, the wind blows South,
The wind blows East and West;
And men's opinions whirl about,
And never are at rest.
But one Faith, &c.

No form or fashion fixed remains,
But hastes to disappear;
And when Prosperity abounds,
Destruction draweth near
But one Faith, &c.

Upon unstable sands are built
Our Babels every day;
The rain descends, the waters swell,
And sweep them clean away.
But one Faith, &c.

And many a sect is set aloft,
For ever to endure;
But stone by stone it crumbles down,
Man cannot make secure.
But one Faith, &c.

The storm may rage, the floods arise,
The Church must surely stand,
Built on the everlasting rock
By the Almighty hand.
But one Faith, &c.

VII.—CEDRON'S RILL.

THE moon was bright, that Paschal night,
O'er Cedron's dark and rocky dell;
And Cedron's torrent glancing bright,
As silver flashed and fell

The Saviour stood, and prayed, "I would
That those whom Thou hast given Me
Should ever stand, a constant band,
In steadfast Unity."

"That from the fold wherein I hold
The sheep I love, should wander none;
As Thou in Me, and I in Thee,
They all may be as one."

As Cedron flows from whence it rose
One stream throughout from source to sea,
The Church in time and every clime
Is one, and one will be.

Though many a rill falls in to fill
The shining river as it glides,
Yet none will think to o'er-leap the brink,
Each in the bed abides.

And all, the same, with common aim
And common impulse onward flow;
And none rebel, but join to swell,
One stream as on they go.

O keep us, Lord, the sole Adore i,
In Unity assured with Thee,
All one in Faith, all one in Hope
And one in Charity.

VIII.—THE ARK OF THE CHURCH.

WILD the winds and waves were roaring,
Horror, past the tongue to tell;
Raging sea and brooding blackness,
Dreadful as the depth of hell.
Dead men, drifting in the water,
With the billows danc'd and fell.
In the Ark, in the Ark—safety
In the Ark alone.

On the sea the storm descended,
Jesus in the vessel slept
Foam and water o'er the bulwarks
By the rushing blast was swept.
Boats were sinking, men were drowning,
O'er them fierce, the billows leapt,
In the ship, in the ship—safety
In the ship alone.

In the world are dangers many,
Storms that wreck, and mists that veil;
Darkness deepens, landmarks vanish—
Who can dare such seas to sail?
Who in vessels man-constructed,
Can against such odds prevail?
In the Church, in the Church—safety
In the Church alone.

For the Church is Christ's own vessel,
He the keel thereof hath laid;
He the Builder, He the Captain,
He the Pilot, stands its aid.
To the port, direct and safely,
He will guide the ship He made.

In the Church, in the Church-safety
In the Church alone.

IX.—WITH CRUEL FOES AROUND.

With cruel foes around
The maiden martyr stood;
Deny thy Christ, they said, or seal
Thy witness with thy blood.
How can I Christ deny,
Who died for love of me?
How can I forfeit Paradise,
The Land I long to see?

"There angels sit and weave
A garland for my head,
To crown the victor in the fight,
Of roses white and read."
A scoffer, standing by
Said, "Maiden, send, I pray,
Some roses, if thy tale be true,
From Paradise to-day."

She turned and raised her eyes,
"I will - if God allow;"
Then meekly bared and bowed her neck
Beneath the headsman's blow.

The stainless spirit fled,
And flowed the ruby blood;
Then lo! in light and flowing white
A glorious angel stood,

And spake, "The crown is won
As Dorothea said;
The martyr sendeth now tc thee
Some roses white and red."
The fairest flowers of earth
Might not with those compare
The angel held, they streamed with light,
And fragrance passing rare.

We are not called to die
By martyr's death of pain,
By sword or spear, by cross or fire,—
Yet still may Eden gain.
For if we live to God,
And serve Him here in fear,
A crown of life is held aloft
For those that persevere.

X.—"FORWARD!" SAID THE PROPHET.

FORWARD! said the Prophet,
Pointing to the sea,
March, ye royal people,
Through it fearlessly!
What though foes are gath'ring,
Dark'ning all the plain,
God's right arm extended
Shall their force restrain.

Roll back, rushing waters!
Stay thy waves, O sea!
That I may gain the blessed land,
My God has promised me.

What though broad before you
Spreads a tossing tide?
God is strong and mighty
Waters to divide.
With my rod uplifted,
Forward see me go;
Back! ye hungry billows,
Let the people through.
Roll back, &c.

March, God's chosen people!
Over doubt and dread;
All that daunts shall vanish
Where ye fearless tread.

Only march on boldly,
Looking far away
From the black sea-bottom,
To the breaking day.
Roll back, &c.

Dread not threatening billows
Which like walls uprear;
Dread not hosts pursuing,
Armed with sword and spear.
Wherefore now faint-hearted?
Trust ye in your God!
Look on me, your leader
With uplifted rod.
Roll back, &c.

Soon shall all be gathered
Safe on yonder shore;
Foes who long have daunted,
Ye shall see no more:
Looking back, shall wonder
What ye had to fear;
Marvel how ye doubted
When your help was near.

Strike, strike the sounding timbrel
By the placid sea;
Shout, shout to God, as thunder,
Songs of victory.

XI.—STARS ON STARS

STARS on stars on heaven's floor
Endless seem, yet ever more
Growing as we upward gaze
Full of wonder and amaze.*

Nowhere are the heavens dark,
Thro' the vast expanse we mark
Everywhere some tiny spark.

* "*There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead.*"—1 *Cor. xv.* 41, 42. "*And He brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; and He said unto him, So shall thy seed be.*"—*Gen. xv.* 5.

Saint on Saint in heaven stands,
Countless are their radiant bands;
Moving round the central Sun,
Jesus Christ, the glorious One.
Who the numbers may recite,
Or the glory and delight,
Of the blessed sons of light?

Dull the earth and dark may seem,
There no righteous found we deem,
Yet the saints are trained below,
Soon above as stars to glow;
Out of every nation rise
Planets for the starry skies,
Filling hearts with glad surprise

O that life's probation done,
We may circle round our Sun,
Safe with those who've gone before,
Safe from fall for evermore;
In the firmament above,
Round the Lord in ranks to move,
Beaming light, aglow with love!

XII.—THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER. (*An old Flemish Ballad.*)

A SULTAN had a daughter sweet,
And walking in the bowers,
At early dawn the maiden went,
Gathering garden flowers.

"O, who is He? the damsel said;
"The flow'rs on earth who shed,
The roses pink, the lilies white,
Hyacinths blue and red?

"O, who is He? I love Him well,
Ah! wondrous is His power,
Who made the blossom, seed, and leaf,
Fashioning all the flower.

"O, who is He, that gard'ner good?
To Him my heart I yield;"
For worthy He to be beloved,
Painting the summer field.

Then Jesus Christ at cockcrow came,
And at the window stood;
"I come to take the maiden's heart,
I am the gard'ner good."*

The Sultan's daughter rose and said,
"Thy like I have not seen,
O gentle Lord, with locks all wet,
Knee-deep in herbage green."

* *S. John xx. 15*

"O maiden, I have loved thee well,
All in my Father's home;
My locks are wet with drops of night,
As in the dew I roam.†

"I come for thee, to bear thy soul,
To see my Father's bowers;
To realms of light, where angels white
Sing in the land of flowers."

"With Thee I'll go," the maiden said,
"For Thee I love so well;
But what are these red flowers Thou hast,
What are these roses, tell?"

He showed the roses in His palms,
The roses on His feet;
A blood red rose was on His side,
There where the heart doth beat.

"O, these are wounds I show to thee,
To prove I love thee true:
I bore for thee the nails, the spear,
Piercing my body through."‡

The Sultan to his garden came,
There lay his daughter dead;
A smile upon her face, her arms
Were as a cross outspread.

† *Song of Solomon v. 2.* ‡ *Isaiah xlix. 16.*

XIII.—THE CHURCHES OF OUR LAND.

THEY lie in valleys buried deep
They stud the barren hills,
They're mirrored where proud rivers sweep
And by the humble rills.
A blessing on each holy fane,
Wherever they may stand,
With open door for rich and poor,
The Churches of our Land.

Ye boast of England's palaces,
Her cities and her towers—
Of mansions where her sons, at ease.
Dwell 'midst her greenwood bowers;
But deeper sense of reverence
God's temple should command,
While knee shall bend, and prayer ascend
From Churches of our Land.

Oh! pleasant are the pealing bells,
Heard at each holy time,
That call to prayer from hills and dells,
With their melodious chime;
And glorious is the sacred song,
Swell'd by a fervent band,
When organ note doth proudly float
Through Churches of our Land.

Talk not of England's "wooden walls,"
Her better strength is here;
Here trust around the spirit falls,
Subduing doubt and fear.
Here her brave sons have gathered power,
And nerved each heart and hand;
Most fearless prove those best who love
The Churches of our Land.

They stand the guardians of the faith
For which our fathers died;
God keep these temples free from scathe—
Our blessing and our pride!
Our energies, our deeds, our prayers,
All these should they command,
That never foe may lay them low,—
The Churches of our Land.

XIV.—CHILDREN'S MARCH.

O VALIANT little soldiers,
Why march you thus along,
And lift your childish voices
In loud and warlike song?
Whose banner do you bear aloft,
A cross as red as flame?
Against what foe to battle go,
And what your Captain's Name?

So we march, march, march, march, march along,
And our songs rise loud and clear,
For Christ our Captain is brave and strong,
And we know neither doubt nor fear.

Our Captain is Christ Jesus,
Our enemy is sin,
The world, the flesh, the devil;
And we the fight shall win.

Beneath the cross of Christ we march,
The crown of Christ to gain;
And we have promised faithfully
His soldiers to remain.
So we march, &c.

O, valiant little soldiers!
But you are weak and frail;
The way is long, the foe is strong,
And dangers sore assail.
Unknown temptations hover near,
Sin lurks on every hand,
When snare and wile all hearts beguile,
How shall you firmly stand?
So we march, &c.

We are but feeble soldiers,
And if our arm alone
Were all we had to trust to,
We soon were overthrown;

But Christ, when dangers threaten us,
His shield will o'er us fling,
And by his side we safe shall bide,
Beneath His sheltering wing.
So we march, &c.

O valiant little soldiers!
But Christ has much to do;
Can He be with you always
When others need Him too?
The cruel foe his face may show,
When Christ is far away;
The battle's roll will shake your soul,
And Satan gain the day.
So we march, &c.

The Lord is with us always;
His promise cannot fail;
If love we show to Him, no foe
Against us can prevail.
By night and day to Him we pray
For grace to do His will,
Whose loving deeds have helped our needs,
And He will help us still.
So we march, &c.

O valiant little soldiers!
Take me along with you;
You serve the Lord and trust His word,
I'll serve and trust Him too.
I too will bear His banner fair;
I too will conquer sin;
Who marches with Christ's little ones,
His kingdom may best win.
So we march, &c.

XV.—THE RELIGION OF "WON'T," WITH THE CREED OF "DON'T."

THE Faith of the Church is "Aye" and "Yea!"*
The voice of the Devil is "Not" and "Nay;"
The Faith it is One, and One will be,
Till time is engulfed in eternity.

The Religion of "Won't,"
And the Creed of "Don't,"
Is not the Religion for me.

* "*As God is true, our word toward you was not Yea and Nay. For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by us, was not Yea and Nay, but in Him was Yea.*"—2 *Cor. i.* 18, 19. *S. Paul means that the Christian Faith is something to believe: on the other hand the sects and heresies, old and new, are forms of disbelief. The Church holds all the Faith. The sects pick and choose little bits of truth, and* DENY *the rest. Heresy consists not so much in teaching false doctrine as in denying true doctrine. Thus, if you were to strike out of the Faith, one after another, the various points denied by the sects, you would have* NOTHING LEFT. *Christ committed the whole truth to His Church to be held as a whole till the end. The poet, Goethe, well makes the devil thus describe himself, "The Spirit I that evermore denies"*

The Faith of the Church will
for ever last,
Is one in all places and with the
past,
Is steadfast, is given by God
on high,
Not human and shifting in-
cessantly.
The Religion of "*Won't*," &c.

Sects cling to the false and re-
ject the true,
They clamour for something
invented new;
They "*don't believe this*," and
they "*don't hold that!*"
And never are satisfied what
they are at.
The Religion of "*Won't*," &c.

And what they believe no man
may say,
But they all protest with a
"Not," and "Nay,"
And "I don't," and "I won't,"
and "I sha'n't," and
"can't,"
Till nothing is left but an ugly
want.
The Religion of "*Won't*," &c.

The Faith of the Church is
"Aye," and "Yea!"
The voice of the Devil is
"Not," and "Nay;"
The Faith, it is One, and it
One will be,
Till time is engulfed in eternity.
The Religion of "*Won't*," &c.

XVI.—SING THE SONG, THE TRIUMPH SONG.

SING the song, the triumph
song,
The victor's crown is on;
Shout to Christ, and march
along,
The battle's fought and won.
Raise it till it shake the sky!
For the Saints, the Saints
on high,
Their day of strife and la-
bour done.

Down the deep and darksome
vale
They pass'd from out of sight,
Now beyond its river pale
They mount to deathless light:
To the land of verdant
bowers,
And of sweet unfading
flowers,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

On! upon the holy height
An altar throne is spread;
There the Lamb, in radiant
light,
Lifts His thorn-encircled
head.
Saints that from the valley
rise
Are with glad, expectant
eyes,
To Jesus Christ, the Saviour led

Patriarchs and prophets stand
In joy on either side,
Now possess the Promised
Land
Bestowed by Him who died.
Now their types are all
complete,
Priest and King and Pro-
phet meet
In glad accord, and satisfied.

MARY now in joyous cheer,
The Maiden, Mother, Queen;
John the Baptist, John the Seer,
This triumph once foreseen;
Peter with the double keys,
Magdalen upon her knees,
Apostles twelve in golden sheen.

Innocents by Herod slain,
The clouds about the sun;
Crimson-flushed, baptized in pain,
Ere life had well begun.
Now with angels, hand in hand,
Roam about the happy land
Without a fear, with trouble none.

Catharine, from wheel and blade,
Ascends to perfect day;
Cicely, in snow arrayed,
Comes singing on her way.
Lucy, with her lamp alight.
Virgin cohort, fair and bright,
With roses and with lilies gay.

Martyr host, confessors true,
And many a faithful priest;
Humble souls, earth never knew,
The first who were the least.
Sing the saints, their sorrows o'er,
Weeping, wanting now no more,
They full enjoy the marriage feast.

XVII.—DAILY, DAILY.

DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the city God hath made,
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation stones are laid.

O that I had wings of angels,
Here to spread and heavenward fly,
I would seek the gates of Zion,
Far beyond the starry sky.

All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnish'd gold,
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
O that I had, &c

In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on his seat;
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.
O that I had, &c.

From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a beam of living light.
O that I had, &c.

Where it waters leafy Eden,
Rolling over silver sand,
Sit the angels, softly chiming,
On the harps they hold in hand.
O that I had, &c

There the meadows, green and dewy,
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand, thousand are the colours
Of the waving flowers there.

O that I had, &c.

There the forests ever blossom
As our orchards here in May;
There the gardens never wither,
But eternally are gay.

O that I had, &c.

There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs and the elders,
And the great redeemed throng.

O that I had, &c.

Oh, I would mine ears were open,
Here to catch that happy strain!
O, I would mine eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!

O that I had, &c.

XVIII.—SUNDAY EVENING

DAYLIGHT declining, darkness is nigh,
Shadows are gathering over the sky;
Sunday is over, Sunday is past,
Day of rejoicing closing at last.

This is the day the Lord called out of night,
Sudden and wondrous, the glorious light;
This is the day the truth streams on his soul,
Banishing ignorance, sick making whole.

This is the day the Lord rose from the tomb,
Sorrow dispelling, and scattering gloom;
This is the day the Lord made as His own,
When all His subjects should kneel at His throne.

This is the day that His Table is spread,
When He is known in the Breaking of Bread;
This is the day that His children are found
Gathered in love their dear Father around.

Now the day endeth, its moments are done,
Sets on another glad Sunday the sun;
Pardon, O Saviour, neglect in Thy praise!
Pardon the prayers we were careless to raise.

Grant that hereafter, when time is no more,
We, with the angels, on Thy blessed shore,
May sing unwearied the Father, the Son,
And the Blest Spirit, in Three ever One.

XIX.—THE BEST FRIEND.

Our dearest Friend in heaven is reigning,
While here on earth true friendship's rare;
And artful guile and falsehood feigning,
Too oft makes honest hearts despair.
But still on this my hopes depend,
My Jesus is my steadfast Friend.

For me He suffered anguish mortal,
For me His precious blood He shed;
For me He opes the heavenly portal,
For me He mounted from the dead.
And here my cry shall never end,
My Jesus is my steadfast Friend.

Then keep, O world, thy guilty pleasures,
Thy glitt'ring gifts whate'er be they;
For me divine eternal treasures.
Which never more shall pass away.
Whoe'er assail, do thou defend,
My Jesus, King, and steadfast Friend

XX.—THE VALLEY OF BONES. *

The Valley of Bones lay dead and bare,
With carcases scattered everywhere;
No flow'rs would bloom, no herbage spring,
No birds would over its stillness wing.

O wind of God, come breathe on the slain,
That they may stand on their feet again.
The Valley of Bones is round us all,
The dead are prostrate, the dying fall,

* Ezek. xxxvii. 1—14.

And over us hardly a gleam of light,
But shadows of death, and dreary night.
O wind, &c.

The faith of the saints is fading fast,
The hope of the helpless is overpast;
And charity dies in selfishness,
And fortitude fails with weariness.
O wind, &c.

The Spirit of God again will blow,
The sources of life again will flow,
The Church will arise, a mighty host,
And conquer again her places lost.
O wind, &c.

O Day of the Lord, return, return!
The hearts of the sad expectant yearn!
O Spirit, the face of the earth renew!
O breathe as the wind, distil as the dew!
O wind, &c.

XXI.—OUR MOTHER CHURCH.

THE Church is my Mother,*
I owe her my love;
She traineth her children,
For Jesus above.
Of old Eve was Mother
Of all sons of earth,
Now God gives another
By Heavenly birth.
The Church, &c.

Ere Jesus ascended,
In that parting hour
He gave His commission
Investing with power:
"Go forth to the nations,
And teach in My Name,
And lo! I am with you,
Till earth ends in flame."
The Church, &c.

O Church of the Saviour,
By promise secure,
Infallible teacher,
While earth shall endure:
Though traitors deceive thee,
And scorners surround;
Though false teachers leave thee
And cruel hands wound,
The Church, &c.

Though winds whistle chilly,
And wither thy leaf,
Our love for thee, Mother,
Shall grow with thy grief;
The day is not distant
When all men shall own.
The Church is the kingdom
Of Jesus alone.
The Church, &c.

* "*Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all. Now we, brethren, are the children of promise. We are not children of the bondwoman (the Jewish Church) but of the free (the Catholic Church).*" *Gal. iv. 26, 28, 31.*

Then those who disdained,
And cowards who fled,
Shall come to her crouching
For morsels of bread.*
For Christ in His glory
Shall summon His Bride
To share in His Triumph
And reign at His side.
The Church, &c.

Then we that were faithful,
That held to her fast,
Shall shine in her splendour
In Heaven at last.
Lord Jesus, we pray Thee
To hasten the hour,
Establish Thy kingdom,
In glory and power.
The Church, &c.

* *1 Sam. ii. 36.*

XXII.—CHILDHOOD PAST

THE village church, the village tower,
The peal of glad melodious bells
That breaks from out the leafy bower,
And to the heart of comfort tells;
The village churchyard where repose
My father, mother dear, and those
I knew and loved in childhood's time,
But meet no more in manhood's prime.

O childhood past, O time of light,
O would that I could thee recall,
When faith was fresh, and hope was bright,
And innocence without a fall.
That I no more might sadly roam,
But turn again to happy home;
And see again and love and cheer
Those grey old heads to me so dear.

It cannot be, I cannot turn,
The past is sealed and set aside;
And though my heart with longing burn,
I may not with the past abide.
I travel on my weary way,
I pause, but make no long delay;
No joy endures, no pleasures last,
And further seems the sunny past.

It cannot be, I look before,
And still in church I kneel and pray
The same old prayers, and Christ adore,
The same old creed and psalms I say;
And with old hope, revived, to see,
The dear old folk awaiting me,
In home—a home that will abide,
Where I may lay my staff aside.